A memorable Epitaph, made vpon the lamentable complaint of the people of England,

for the death of the right honorable Sir Frauncis Walsingham Knight: principall Secretarie of Estate, Chauncellor of her Maiesties Court for the Dutchy of Lankaster, and one of her highnesse most honorable priuie Councell.

Who deceassed at his house in London on the 7. day of Aprill last past. *Anno. Dom.* 1590.

WHo mournes not for the present losse that England doth sustaine?
Who hath not cause this dolefull day, with teares for to complaine?
And waile the grieuous want of him, who was a speciall stay,
And perfect piller to the state of England euery way.
I meane Sir Frauncis Walsingham, a Knight of great account,
Whose wisedome in a Common wealth, most men did sure surmount.
Of honorable place he was, beloued of Prince and Peeres,
And founde most trustie to the state of England many yeeres.
His life too great a losse, if Prince with gold might it redeeme,
His life so deere as none but may with blubbring teares confesse,
That England by his death hath lost a iewell of such store,
As in the seruice of his place, the like God sende vs more.
His want is great and grieuous tw, this no man can denie,
When Prince and people waile his losse with many a weeping eye.
The noble Lords of English soyle: and cheefe of Englands Peeres,
Lament the death of this good Knight, and shedde forth trickling teares.
The states of Scotland and of Fraunce, of Holland and the rest
Of the vnited Prouinces, with sorrow haue exprest:
Gone is the cheefe of worthie Knights in whom did wisedome flowe,
Gone is Sir Frauncis Walsingham the scourge of Englands foe.
Gone is the man that doubtlesse was a proppe to Englands state,
Who pitties euery strangers sute that came vnto his gate.
Gone is the Knight that carefull was, all sutes to ende with speede,
As did pertaine to the releese of those that stoode in neede.
Gone is the man that watchfull was for safetie of this lande,
To keepe the Queene and Realme in peace, and treason to withstande,
Gone is the Knight that did rewarde all men of each degree,
That trauel'd ought for Englands good, so good a Knight was hee.
Gone is the man that carefull was our quiet to procure,
For graue aduise and counsell good, we found him firme and sure,
The people to of English soyle lament with inward greefe,
And say he was the cheefest stay and staffe of their releefe.
They bid farewell vnto this Knight who tendred each mans case,
Founde free from briberie to his ende: fewe such will come in place.
A perfect zeale to honour god in him did alwaie rest,
And true Religion to aduaunce his loue hee still exprest.
He hated all Idolatours and popish Traytors tw,
He rooted out such wicked weedes as much as he might dw.
To sincere Preachers of Gods word, he was a speciall stay,
And in his house he maintainde such, to preach Gods word each day.
Deceite he banisht from his house, fraude lodg'de not in his minde,
The marks of true and Christian life, in him each one did finde.
His iudgment stoode with iustice still, where as his dome was sette,
His will was still, each man he had, should pay his vtmost debt.
To prison he would none commit, but iust cause he would see,
And what he did was alwaies done in perfect charitie.
Which makes each man to wring his hands, & sighe with inward mone,
And saith in anguish of they mynde, Our cheefest stay is gone.
Farewell Sir Frauncis Walsingham, that diurie sore didst hate,
That still didst good to rich and poore that came vnto thy gate.
Farewell the comfort of the poore, that to them almes did giue,
Farewell the stay to Souldiers good, while he on earth did liue.
Farewell the comfort of the Court, and Londons dailie frend,
Farewell to thes that for the pore thy Letters farre would'st send.
Farewell the suter for the pore, that seldome let thee rest,
Farewell the frend to fatherlesse and widdowes sore oppress.
Farewell the care for Countries good, when Corne was prisde so hie,
Farewell the Knight that succourd'st those that then were like to die.
Farewell and thousand times farewell thou good and worthy Knight,
That in the cause of poore and rich, full many a wrong didst right.
Farewell thou good and freendly Kinght to Scholliers poore and bare,
Of Cambridge and of Oxford to, of whom thou hadst great care,
Farewell all suters say, he shewed himselfe most kinde,
He courteously would take their plaints and tell them sone his mind.
His Lady wailes, his Daughter weepes, his kinsfolke sighing sits,
His Seruants waile and wring their hands as folke besides their wits.
The rich dw misse him euery day, the pore shall want him still,
And many wish him now aliue if that it were Gods will.
But teares sufficeth not at all, let vs assured stande,
His soule is plaste in heauen with Christ, which sits on Gods right hand,
He liued well, and well he died, he made a godly end,
For to Almightie God his soule with zeale he did commend.
God grant her highnesse still may haue such carefull members store,
That shee may liue and raigne in peace, in England euermore.
And graunt that his well gouernd life, a Loadstone still may be,
To such as shall from time to time serue in such high degree.
Graunt Lord that they may zealous be the Gospell to defend,
And shunne for to be couetous, euen till their liues dw end.
Then shall her highnes liue in ioy, and England shall be free,
From Turke, from Pope, from sword, from fire, and force of enemie.

FINIS. Tho. Nelson.

¶ Printed for William Wright.